

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE ON THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Sectarian Bigot Gets a Scathing Denunciation—Truth and Error New On Trial—Cause of Intolerance—Liberty Coming.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia, whence he will shortly sail for Ceylon and India, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press, "Communion of Saints," the text chosen being Judges 12:7. "Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth; and he said Shibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

Do you know the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death of a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you can not change a man's belief by twisting of his head, nor make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you throw upon it, and unsung of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion, there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error. The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by sceptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run, God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous violence and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has

no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship. George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and after a while, go and see for themselves; and, looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the gospel who spent their whole life bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots 10 years old.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from too great prominence of any one denomination in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head, and wags his other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long drawn aisle, and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often the child of ignorance.

You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is always a bigot. The whole tendency to education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far east a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came, and said, "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist church must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the church of God was never intended for a war barracks. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of firearms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no; you will

say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every which way, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; there is so much sharp-shooting on the narrow road I guess I'll try the broad road!"

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said that if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition! how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak there were a common enemy coming up the bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay!

Perhaps I might forcefully illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place about twenty years ago. One Monday morning at about 2 o'clock, while her 900 passengers were sound asleep in her berth dreaming of home, the steamer "Atlantic" crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity. Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life line until he gets to the rock, and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the gospel, with three other men, getting into a life boat, and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that night when the "Atlantic" struck Mars Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be.

One army of the living God, To his command we bow; Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now. And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in life everlasting. Amen!"

BITS OF BANTER.

Buskin—Is Cassius a good "Hamlet"? Theopist—No; he's only achieved the first syllable as yet.

"Is Fraulein Sussmlich at home?" "No, sir." "Please tell her that I called." "I will tell her at once."

Bacon—Does Penman make anything out of his writings? Egbert—I don't know. I never could make anything out of them.

George, seriously—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Ada—I don't know; if he's anything like me he would.

Mrs. Fogg—You have been a naughty boy, and I shall have to tell your father. Johnny—H'm! Just like a woman! Can't keep a secret.

He—Pshaw! anybody can make money, but it isn't everybody who can write a poem. She, significantly—You are right. I have just read one of yours.

Stranger—What price do you set on that red cow of yours? Mr. Haicoid—See here, mister, air you an assessor, or has she been run over by the railroad?

Rambler—That Bartlett girl thinks a great deal of me. When I told her I was going around the world she asked me to be sure and write her from every place I visited. Wilter—Yes; she is collecting postage stamps.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the biggest fool.

Industry, economy and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one which always conduces to eventual prosperity.

The Evil of Filled Cheese.

While the butter makers and dealers are complaining of the inroads on their trade made by the seductive oleomargarine or butterine, or glucose filled butter; and while butchers are anxiously eyeing the growing popularity of cottolene, rexine and other cotton-seed filled food compounds, the cheesemakers and dealers have found a casus belli against the same king cotton that has appeared in all these disguised forms, says a writer in Minneapolis Commercial Bulletin. The enemy of the cheese industry is what is known as "filled cheese." It has put in an appearance on this market, and being offered at 10½ cents, while full cream sells at 12½ cents, it is finding much favor. Just what the composition of this new cheese may be is not yet known to the general public here. It seems to be a half skimmed cheese into which some time in process of manufacture has been injected the all protean cotton-seed oil in lieu of the abstracted cream. This substitute is said to be so skillfully injected that the resulting cheese product is liable to deceive the very elect themselves. A good judge of cheese may pronounce it full cream if off his guard. The principle of this innovation is a threat to the cheese interests just as the other cotton-seed oil compounds are. It is useless for the Jersey cow to compete with the cotton field and negro labor in producing food fats. A short-horned steer and an acre of cotton property combined in the great laboratory of Phil Armour will produce more butter, cheese and pie crust shortening than the prize Jersey of the World's Fair. These wonderful discoveries in food products, so abundant and varied in these last days of the nineteenth century, will cause the dairy and farming interests to shift to a new basis of operations for the twentieth century. Let sweet and cotton-seed oil have their place in cheap foods. If wholesome they were made for food and so law under heaven can for any considerable time stop the public from eating them. Let pure cow-milk products fill their own coffee. Let there be an end to spoiling good milk to make poor cheese. To steal cream from cheese and make no return is one step lower in fraud than to pay back in cotton-seed oil. As the population of this country increases as it is now increasing—by the annual addition of a half million immigrants who confess to no skill in labor and no property accumulated; as this class increases cheap food must necessarily be found. If cotton-seed oil will feed our needy unwashed brethren let them eat it. It has the merit of being clean and wholesome—a merit not always inherent in some dairy products as now made. The only point that should be insisted on is that it should be marked by its right name. So also should such pure dairy products as half-skim, three-eighths skim and other grades of skim cheese be marked.

Utilizing Waste Products.

The Elgin Dairy Report tells how J. T. Polk of Greenwood, Ind., combines horticulture and dairying.

Mr. Polk is one of the largest canners of corn and peas, and has utilized the corn husks, ear, pea vines and the refuse from these two products by ensilaging them as feed for his dairy cattle. This utilization of what has heretofore been waste product to the growers of these articles for canners, shows the evolution of the times, and what can be done by a practical dairyman in many ways. The amount of labor and material that are thrown away on the ordinary dairy farm is astonishing, when the close habits of economy of the farmer are considered. This material when placed in the silo and fermented according to the process as carried out in this method of preparing feed, is of very great value, and the quantity and quality of rations that are furnished by it on the farm of Mr. Polk is astonishing. The milk immediately upon being received into the bottling room is aerated by having a draft of cold air forced through it from the bottom of the tank; it is then passed over an aerator and cooler, and in this process has passed through several straining operations, so that it comes to the bottling tank in probably as perfect a condition as is possible. The milk as it is received from the stable is 93 to 95 degrees, according to the weather, and in less than twenty minutes is in the bottling tank cooled to 45 or 50. The aeration and cooling giving the milk most excellent keeping quality, and producing a flavor that once had, a customer never wants to be without. The value of these waste products utilized for ensilage, is practically nothing, as they are at present disposed of. In this way they are worth a great many dollars every year, furnishing rations to a herd of Jersey cows, that if raised or bought would cost from \$25 to \$30 per cow. This is only the beginning of one of the many methods of reducing the cost of milk and increasing the profits to the producers thereof. Farmers and patrons of creameries who complain of low prices for their products, could well afford to look into the little losses that amount to so many dollars in the course of a year in their own work. It is a very common thing to see from 50 to 100 head of dairy cows traveling over a 100 acre lot, without securing any large amount of feed. If the 100 acre lot was planted in corn or some other plant suitable for ensilage, it would probably furnish feed for the fifty cows for six months in the year without any other green food, and with the addition of only a small quantity of grain, would carry them through for the whole six months. It is this method of reducing the cost and increasing the profits, that the dairyman must consider in these times.

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All others contain alum or ammonia.

An English newspaper, in speaking of the five classes of eggs found in London shops—new laid eggs, breakfast eggs, fresh eggs, cooking eggs, and finally eggs—tells this story: "Once upon a time a shy young curate had the honor of breakfasting with his bishop. The great man noticed that his guest was making slow progress with his boiled eggs and called cheerily across the table to ask if there was anything wrong with it. 'Oh, no, my lord,' stammered the young man in great embarrassment, 'it's a very good egg—and excellent egg—in parts.'"

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For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Headford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

"Deah me," said the bore, interrupting the conversation at a few minutes after 12. "I believe it must be time for me to go." "Oh, no, it can't be," said the tired girl, emphatically, "that time won't come around again till to-morrow evening."

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Lord Bacon wrote the Novum Organum at 41.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wadsworth's SORREL for Children Teething.

Edward, a Saxon word, means a happy keeper. Perspective in art was first scientifically studied and taught in the fifteenth century.

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